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Contents

Editorial Notes 232

Leading Editorials
- Partisan Democracy as a Dogma 234
- The Public and Trade-Union Policy 235
- Science as Scapegoat 237

General Articles
- As One Woman Sees the Issues ..... Alice Hamilton 239
- Achille ..... Elizabeth Shep ey Sergeant 241
- The Case for Benson 243
- Aphrodite—B. C. 400 ..... Mary Cass Canfield 245

Correspondence 246

Books and Things ..... Frank M. Colby 247

Reviews of Books
- Mr. Wells Discovers God ..... F. H. 248
- Heroics ..... R. B. 249
- Recent Publications 251

RUMORS are again coming from London of the informal submission of very favorable peace terms by the German government. These particular proposals are declared to include the evacuation of Belgium with an indemnity, of Serbia without an indemnity, and the cession of Lorraine to France. The rumor is probably false; but it may anticipate a course of action which the Germans will pursue some time during the next few months. Von Bethmann-Hollweg's recent speech predicted clearly the future strategy of the German campaign for peace. As their military situation becomes worse the Germans will appeal for neutral sympathy and support. They will picture themselves to the world as a pair of comparatively weak Powers attacked by a group of much stronger enemies who are all coveting some part of their territory. But a campaign of this kind necessarily implies the offer by the Central Empires of specific terms of peace, which will win the sympathy of disinterested neutral opinion and of those Frenchmen and Englishmen who are sick of the war. We may expect, consequently, such an offer to be submitted soon, but the first attempt is not likely to be attended with much success. It will be almost impossible for the German government to propose terms at present which will placate neutral public opinion without at the same time confessing to its own people the enormity of its mistake in provoking the war.

IF Mr. Roosevelt were running against Mr. Wilson the Jeremiah O'Leary telegram could be dismissed as a contribution to the higher buncombe of the campaign. But Mr. Hughes is the Republican candidate, and the President's reply to O'Leary has gone straight through that gentleman and as the saying goes, hit Mr. Hughes where he lives. For Mr. Hughes is clearly truckling to the pro-German vote. Not only has he failed to say anything positive about the sinister activity of the German-American Alliance, he has actually gone out of his way to make sure of its support. At Milwaukee Mr. Hughes let pro-Germans believe that he stood for a neutrality four-square against the world, which taken in the context of Milwaukee meant, and was undoubtedly intended to mean, that Mr. Hughes wishes to see the Allied blockade broken by methods as coercive as those applied to Germany. Mr. Hughes, following the manner which he has adopted in the campaign, did not of course mention the word blockade. What he did was to adopt the language of the *Staats-Zeitung* in its complaints against the British neutrality of the President.

WHAT the President said to O'Leary is what the country expected Mr. Hughes to say on the day he accepted the nomination. We imagine it is what Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bacon and Mr. Root, the New York *Tribune* and the Boston *Transcript* expected him to say, and his failure to say anything which would imperil a pro-German vote must be a mortification to that large body of pro-Ally sympathizers who are supporting him. Had Mr. Hughes met the issue with half the courage and decision that inspired Mr. Wilson, it would have been hailed by the Republicans as a

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" clarion call." For after all it must be rather uncomfortable to the people who feel so deeply about Belgium and France to have for a candidate a man who plays the tune which the German-American Alliance and the American Truth Society calls. The New York *Tribune* has wriggled and squirmed and suffered in public. What some of Mr. Hughes's supporters have done in private must be inferred. But unless we are greatly mistaken the O'Leary telegram will find its way into the American conscience by throwing a very damaging light upon Mr. Hughes's protestations about the necessity of meeting issues with firmness and decision.

ONE of the many ambiguities of the presidential campaign is the meaning attached by the Republicans to their demand for a revision of the tariff. Every once in a while Republican speakers proclaim that the tariff, rather than Mexico or the Adamson bill, is really the dominant issue, and if the Republican platform affords any indication of what the dominant issue is, the tariff can certainly make a strong bid for the distinction. Yet no specific attacks are being made on the schedules of the existing tariff law, and no principle is being laid down for its revision. The Republicans are not giving the slightest indication of the way or of the extent to which they propose to modify the present schedules, in case the electorate bestows on them the power. They are in some measure pledged to be guided in their work by the results of the investigations of the Tariff Commission, but what use will be made of the facts supplied by expert investigations remains undefined. The Republicans can do anything they please with the tariff schedules; they can re-enact the Payne-Aldrich bill or the Dingley bill without violating their pledges. They are committed to passing some tariff legislation in general but none in particular.

A FRUITFUL, but for this country a novel, conception of the function of tariff legislation was contained in the report of the sub-committee on foreign trade, which was submitted to the Foreign Trade Council at its recent meeting in New York. This report asserted " the necessity that the American tariff system, whatever be its underlying principle, shall possess adequate resources for the encouragement of the foreign trade of the United States by commercial treaties or executive concessions within defined limits, and its protection against undue discrimination in the markets of the world." The party which first adopts the attitude towards tariff legislation implied by the foregoing resolution will convert the tariff schedules from fixed passive barriers against the importation of foreign goods or from an expedient for raising a certain amount of revenue into a flexible instrument of a national economic policy. If tariffs are used merely to discourage imports and to confer favors on particular American producers they are almost certain to benefit only a limited range of special interests at the expense of the whole community. But if they are framed as a weapon which the administration can use not only to secure better terms for American exporters in the markets of the world but also improved conditions of service for wage-earners in the protected industries at home, they have a much better chance of contributing to the general economic welfare.

THE railroads have given away one of their most telling arguments against President Wilson's settlement of the hours' controversy. He conceded the eight-hour day, it was charged, in order to win the votes of the approximately 350,000 men composing the Brotherhoods. Since then Mr. Elliott, president of the New Haven, and other railroad heads have been urging their stockholders to punish the indiscretion with their votes. " There are more stockholders of this company," writes Mr. Elliott to the investors in the New York, Ontario and Western, " than of these men in the employ of the company, and there are more stockholders of all the railroads in the country than of all these men." According to Bulletin No. 94 of the Bureau of Railway Economics there were on June 30th, 1915, 607,630 individual recorded stockholders in the railways of the United States. This number would be considerably reduced, it is true, if duplication were checked up, and women and other non-voters excluded. Nevertheless it would be a large and influential total, and no politician would dare to juggle it against the votes of the Brotherhoods. If Mr. Wilson was thinking of votes when he recommended the eight-hour law, the act was one not of cowardice but of reckless daring.

POPULAR failure to understand the New York street railways controversy is a good advertisement for a new publication of the Russell Sage Foundation, called " Community Action Through Surveys " (price, ten cents). Its author, Mr. Shelby M. Harrison, would have a community prepare itself through surveys to handle its social problems, but he is not blind to the competition the social surveyor must run. With the daily newspaper made more pictorial and attractive; with the popular magazines greatly increased in number; with the motion-picture offering for five cents travels that were formerly to be enjoyed only by the wealthy, the message of the social sur-

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veyor must be put quickly and intelligently. The press, the popular magazine and the motion picture must be utilized, not haphazardly, but with as complete a grasp of the several techniques as is possible. No matter how accurate its gathering and interpretation of facts, the survey is futile unless it can awaken public imagination to the possibilities it suggests.

"DON'T be a scab" may be shouted, even raucously, with perfect legality. A jitney or truck may bear the printed injunction and get away with it. A man may even make a cap-band of the sentiment. But the fatal error is to be a woman and wear it on a sash, as Mrs. Bardelle and Mrs. Pirone picketing for a seven-weeks costume-makers' strike have discovered to their sorrow. Magistrate Cornell of the Jefferson Market Court has sentenced them to five and ten days in the workhouse respectively. "Nobody knows better than I," he observes, "that the people of New York are becoming tired of these strikes with their disorderly conduct and violence. . . . But I shall be lenient with these young women because of their respectability." Not even intensest fatigue and ennui over labor conditions would seem to justify this as "violence" on the one hand or "lenience" on the other.

Partisan Democracy as a Dogma

PRESIDENT WILSON'S recent speeches corroborate the impression made by his speech of acceptance. They reveal the existence of two Mr. Wilsons, one actively engaged in an essentially constructive task of national reorganization, and the other still clinging to partisan ideas, antipathies and dogmas which pervert the meaning and compromise the success of his greater enterprise. At Baltimore recently one Mr. Wilson placed a singularly fertile and illuminating interpretation on the work which administrative commissions are capable of performing in enabling the American nation to meet its new problems. They are to constitute the organ of collective vision, the lanterns which will throw light upon the road which the nation is travelling. At Shadow Lawn on Saturday the other Mr. Wilson received a still sharper and more emphatic expression. On that occasion the statesman projected on the screen was more than anything else a resolute and narrow partisan, to whom the Democratic party was the great salutary fact of American history and the only trustworthy agent of the political interests of the American people. Any voter who submitted to the contagious effect of the Shadow Lawn address and accepted its preconceptions would feel justified in subordinating all his political activities to the promotion of one political object of supreme importance—that of keeping the control of the Federal government in the hands of the good Democrats and away from the bad Republicans.

There was some sound and some unsound history in the speech. That the Democrats, as opposed to the Federalists, the Whigs and the Republicans, have on the whole represented the interests and the ambitions of the undifferentiated mass of the American people every candid reader of American history will cordially admit. President Wilson has good reason to congratulate his party on its stubborn vitality, and to associate its longevity with its ability sympathetically to reflect the prevailing popular feeling and state of mind. But the characteristic vitality of the Democratic party is a drawback no less than a virtue. Its vitality has been that of a primitive organism which could subdivide without losing the continuity of its own life. It has frequently been obliged to subdivide in order to create the more highly organized parties which were necessitated as soon as there was some important special public work to be accomplished. The Federalist, the Whig and the Republican parties were all formed to promote positive public purposes of great importance, which the unleavened mass of the American people had not the brains and the will to accomplish. But just because they were highly organized bodies, their vitality proved less tenacious than that of the Democracy and has been diminished or destroyed by schisms, differences of conviction or by actual success in achieving their important tasks.

President Wilson has, however, little to gain by emphasizing during the present campaign this historical characteristic of Democracy. Many Progressives have been attracted to the Democratic party recently, not because it continues to be true to its historical character, but in the hope that under Mr. Wilson's leadership it was changing its spots and would in the future assume a different demeanor and be charged with a more positive spirit. The old Democratic party was negative and passive, except for electioneering, because its attention was concentrated on the control of government rather than on its beneficial use. Distrusting, as the party did, governmental agencies, its besetting preoccupation was to prevent them from passing into the hands of its opponents who, because they had to use such agencies for specially discriminated purposes, were always under suspicion of violating the impossible shibboleth of

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"equal rights." But recently the Democratic party has been showing an unprecedented interest in the beneficial exercise of political power. For the first time in its history it has exhibited an incontestable ability to frame plans of constructive legislation and to improve its own projects as the result of public criticism and discussion. It has been performing the same kind of service for the country which the Federalists did in 1790, which the Whigs failed to do more than a generation later, which the Republicans did during and after the Civil War, and which the Progressive wing of the Republican party tried four years ago to obtain an opportunity of doing. It is the spirit of this new Democracy which Mr. Wilson would have done well to emphasize and interpret, a spirit which must necessarily attach less importance to the jealous and suspicious possession of political power than to the vision of a better nation which it may be used in part to create.

Considering the prevailing uncertainty among progressive Republicans the second Shadow Lawn speech can be criticized as poor campaign tactics. Mr. Wilson is certain to poll the full Democratic vote, except in so far as it may be reduced by German-American and Irish-American hyphenism. He must depend for his majority on winning the support of former Progressives and of new voters. His success in making such converts will depend largely upon the emphasis of his own speeches. A very superficial reading of anti-Wilson propaganda makes one characteristic of it abundantly clear. Neither the reactionary nor the progressive Republicans sufficiently appreciate that they are confronted by a different and much more vigorous and aggressive partisan Democracy. A realization of this disagreeable fact cannot be expected to penetrate the minds of the Old Guard until it has been drilled into their heads by a succession of defeats. They prefer to believe themselves opposed by the Democracy of Parker and Bryan, because as long as they can make themselves believe it, they feel under no necessity of modifying Republicanism. But it is different with the former Progressives. Although many of them are in a fluid state of mind they do not sufficiently realize the alteration which has been taking place in the Democratic party, and the great object of the Democratic campaign should be to make them realize it. When Mr. Wilson emphasizes in his addresses the historical continuity of the Democracy and the failings of its opponents, and its claim to be the only trustworthy political agent of the American people, all the latent Republican prejudice of these Progressives is aroused. They become reconciled to accepting from Mr. Hughes's hands the same old Republicanism in order to have an opportunity of effectively testifying against the same old Democracy.

Of course it still remains an open question how far it is the old or a new Democracy. In order to be equal to the career on which it has been launched by Mr. Wilson, the Democratic party must submit to many delicate and perilous changes. It can no longer be satisfied with the crude and formless vitality of class feeling, which has been responsible for its remarkable longevity. It cannot remain united chiefly by opposition to the designs of the more highly differentiated and energetic special classes of American citizens. It must seek, on the contrary, a basis of union in the will and the ability to accomplish its own positive program. Such a basis of union means a higher organization and a sharper and franker definition of purpose, and hospitality to groups of men representing scientific standards and disinterested expert service. That any such basis of union will be developed has only been vaguely and remotely promised by past performances; and its development will suffer from almost insuperable obstacles, should the spirit of the second Shadow Lawn speech continue to pervade the party. A Democracy which perpetuates itself not by allowing its restless parts to secede but by itself undertaking the continuing work of national reorganization cannot abide a merely complacent attitude toward its own history and business. Before it becomes capable of reorganizing the nation, it must submit itself to a process of internal reorganization, a process more steady and more drastic than the most progressive Democrats desire or anticipate.

The Public and Trade-Union Policy

THE progress of the traction strike in New York City, especially when contrasted with the earlier strike of the cloak and suit makers, goes far to answer one of the most hotly debated questions of trade-union policy. In approaching a strike, is it worth while for the union to appeal for public support by a full, candid and sustained presentation of all the facts through the press; or is it wiser for the union to assume that the press is hopelessly biased by its capitalistic affiliations, that any statement of the facts will be distorted and therefore of no good effect, and that the safe union rule is to play a lone hand by placing exclusive reliance upon the class-conscious solidarity of labor in the struggle for economic emancipation?

The Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees launched the traction

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strike in New York without any preliminary attempt to prepare public opinion for a judgment on the merits of the case. It was by the merest accident, and not at all through the initiative of the union, that the public learned, some weeks after the strike began, that the wages of the men on the New York street railways were far below the standard prevailing in some forty of the largest American cities. Vague reports emanated from the mass meetings organized by the Amalgamated that the hours of work and the methods of discipline enforced by the traction companies were oppressive and unreasonable. These reports, vague as they were, immediately caused public opinion to prick up its ears; but the union made no attempt to follow up its strategical advantage by centering public attention upon the precise points at which the companies were violating enlightened modern standards. In spite of the union's lethargy, the newspaper reporters, almost without exception, did their utmost to dig out the facts and thus to educate public sympathy on the side of the men. It was, indeed, this diligence of the reporters rather than any effort on the part of the union that created the generally sympathetic atmosphere in which it became possible for Mayor Mitchel and Chairman Straus of the Public Service Commission to secure an agreement in which, for the first time in the history of New York traction, the companies definitely recognized the right of the men to organize for the purposes of collective bargaining.

Within a few days of this agreement, a rumor spread that a dispute had arisen over some action of the companies which the men construed as a violation of the spirit of the agreement, and that unless the companies receded, the truce would be called off and the strike renewed. But again the union left the public in the dark as to the facts. It was public knowledge that the agreement provided for the arbitration of all disputes, so that in the absence of definite information, the public naturally inferred that in threatening to renew the strike the union was being tempted to an act of indiscretion. The companies, on their side, resorted to paid advertisements in which they asserted that the union was attempting to coerce them into reinstating certain men who had been under arrest for lawlessness. The crimes were not specified, but the advertisements were cleverly conceived to influence public sympathy at the point of greatest sensitiveness. Mayor Mitchel hurried back from Plattsburg, examined the facts, and secured the reinstatement of the men in question. Again the press showed its predisposition to fairness by endorsing the Mayor's achievement—a strong indication of prevailing public sympathy for the men.

But hardly was this flurry over when another rumor of dissension got abroad. There was vague talk of "individual agreements" and "within-the-family brotherhoods." It seemed that the union regarded these things as new violations of the spirit of the agreement. The public was still in a receptive frame of mind; but still the union took no steps to enlighten public opinion with respect to the merits of its contention. Instead, the leaders did precisely the one thing that was calculated to alienate public sympathy in shaking the mailed fist and threatening to "tie up the town." It was reported that the Mayor and Commissioner Straus had been sent for. But before the Mayor could reach town, the men on the surface lines had walked out. The public was left to infer that it was these men, with whom the companies had entered into the arbitration agreement fathered by the Mayor and Commissioner Straus, who had been aggrieved by the companies. Not until the open hearings held by the Public Service Commission, did the public clearly grasp that this new controversy concerned the organization of the subway and elevated operatives who had not been included in the original agreement, and that the surface men had not gone out on strike, but in sympathy—that they had breached their agreement.

This was the moment when public sympathy for the men first showed strong signs of wavering. But the union's opportunity was not yet entirely gone. In a statement issued jointly by Commissioner Straus and the Mayor, the public got its first clear intimation as to the real cause of the trouble. "Our conclusion," so ran a passage in this statement, "after a very careful consideration of the entire record in this matter is 1, That the Interborough Company breached a verbal agreement made on the 30th day of August by Mr. Hedley for the company and by Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Fridiger for the men, in refusing, on the 5th day of September, to arbitrate a question which had arisen subsequent to the making of that verbal agreement. This agreement was entirely distinct from and independent of the contract of settlement of August 6th," which was breached by the men. Here was the union's case against the companies ready-made by the two men upon whose judgment the public implicitly relied—a solid foundation for a campaign of publicity designed to secure public support for the demand that the whole controversy be returned to arbitration which the union now made. Certain of the most powerful dailies did, as a matter of fact, immediately support the demand for arbitration. But once more the union persisted in contempt of public opinion, and instead of meeting the companies' refusal to arbitrate with an appeal to the public, played Achilles, retired sulkily to its tent, and left it to the officers of the

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American Federation of Labor to attempt the coercion of the companies through the intimidation of the public by a threat of a general sympathetic strike.

During the agitation for a general strike and since its collapse, much has been said by labor leaders of the unfairness of the press. It is true that the threat of paralyzing the industrial life of the city united the editorial pages in a chorus of execration; but nothing in the whole history of this misguided manœuvre is more impressive than the persistent effort of the reporters to put the best possible face upon the figure cut by organized labor. Such inaccuracies as crept into the news columns were largely due to the star-chamber methods adopted by the officers of the American Federation who had charge of the general strike agitation. These men either refused to issue statements or they gave out "facts" which the event proved to be the grossest perversions of the truth. They repeatedly announced, for example, that the building trades, upon whose action they relied to determine the success or failure of the general strike, had voted to participate. They then set Wednesday, September 27th, as the day when the general strike order would go into effect. On that day, the building trades went about their work as usual. Then the reporters learned that these trades had not yet voted at all and that they would not vote until Thursday, September 28th. When they did finally vote, they decided to postpone action for a week, which was tantamount to a vote of non-participation. It was not until then that the reporters joined the hostile chorus of the editorial pages, neither was it until then that the public at large, provoked by the disingenuousness of the labor leaders, abandoned sympathy with lost confidence.

We are not here discussing the merits of the original controversy, neither are we entering into the question as to whether the present triumph of the traction companies represents a solution of the labor problem in our public utilities that is favorable to the public interest. Our sole immediate concern is with the question as to whether organized labor can afford to be in contempt of public opinion as a determining factor not only in isolated struggles, but also in the advancement of the cause of all organized labor. In this connection, one's mind inevitably turns to the lockout and strike in the garment trades last summer. From the moment of the lockout, the cloak and suit makers took the public fully into their confidence; by every conceivable means they encouraged the public to go into the merits of their controversy. And their policy of candor and faith in the fair-mindedness of the public bred faith in them. For fourteen weeks they held the solid support of the press, and the support of the public made itself manifest not only in resolutions of sympathy drafted by citizen bodies, but in hundreds of thousands of cash contributions. It has been said that the two cases are not parallel; that the garment trades are not, like the traction companies, in the hands of "big business," and that they do not, therefore, exert the same corrupting influence upon newspaper policy. But there is little evidence to sustain this contention. On the contrary, the burden of evidence warrants the opinion that the policy of candor and full and accurate publicity is the strongest weapon in the hands of organized labor to-day. In a country measurably civilized, where the majority of adult male workers receive less than a decent living wage and where laissez-faire, even in the public attitude toward labor, no longer holds absolute sway, the open road to progress for organized labor lies through the systematic education of the public in the facts of labor's duress. We do not believe that the labor movement will gain by a syndicalist philosophy, based on contempt of public opinion; its best hope still lies, we believe, in the ideals and methods of democracy.

Science as Scapegoat

THE *Atlantic Monthly* has just published an article by Mr. R. K. Hack called "Drift" which sets itself the task of explaining why the world is in such confusion. The true father of the essay is Mr. Chesterton, though the breed has been crossed with that peculiar hysterical pedantry which has affected Boston culture since August, 1914. Chesterton is visible not only in the vein of jocose theology and overwhelming intimacy with God but also in that famous rhetorical trick which consists in beginning with an earthly joke and ending with a divine pun. Used by Mr. Chesterton the method, when it does not rattle and creak like a penny-a-liner, often produces a flamboyant wisdom and a gorgeous playfulness. But in Mr. Hack's hands it produces screaming nonsense like his description of Hobbes as "the great atheist, coward and logician," and the worst case of muddle-headedness recently printed in a responsible periodical.

Mr. Hack begins by asking why we are where we are. He turns to the historians, and in two pages rejects them. The historians he has happened to read did not predict the war; therefore, says Mr. Hack, "let us not blame them overmuch, but let us not trust them at all." That there is a whole library of books by students of affairs which predicted the war with extraordinary accuracy Mr.

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Hack seems entirely unaware. He doesn't like "historians" as a species, and he has a thesis to prove. This thesis is that we drift because we have been wrong for a century in our ideas about the function of the state and the function of science.

No doubt we have been wrong about the state and no one will quarrel with Mr. Hack for offering a homily about the evil of blind partisanship and the seriousness of indifference on the part of the ordinary citizen. But it is not carrying the diagnosis very far. Partisanship and indifference must after all have causes which cannot be controlled until they have been studied by that method which drives Mr. Hack to angry epigrams, the method known as science.

Mr. Hack's view of science is based on a simple formula. The Germans are the most scientifically trained people in the world. With science they have produced the Zeppelin which is used to kill babies. Therefore the world is idolatrous if it trusts its future to science. There is true and false science. True science deals only with things that are not "alive." False science includes all the studies which "pretend to deal with living beings"—biology, psychology, sociology, philology, politics, economics, and history. These false sciences have perverted our souls, and that is why we drift.

The formula may be compressed. The Germans are science. Science is the Zeppelin. The Zeppelin is murder. Therefore, science is hell. But is it? Can any one be mad enough to argue that the development of science in the nineteenth century suddenly made mankind cruel? There were "Huns" before the Germans, and we doubt whether Attila ever read a book on political science. No one would accuse the people who produced the massacre of St. Bartholomew or the Armenian slaughters of a passion for science. It was not "science" which created the inquisition, the pogrom, the Roman circus, or the old days at Sing Sing. It wasn't science which demanded the burning of witches, the exposure of innocents, the conquest, rapine and greed of human history. One wonders why a man is endowed with a mind if it leads him to believe that cruelty, greed, and delusion are new phenomena due to a century's application of ordered intelligence to experience.

Because Germany has used science so widely, it does not follow that she has used it everywhere. Indeed, it is precisely to those political ideas which have irritated the world that Germany has not applied her science. If it is true that the Emperor regards himself as a ruler by divine right, he will not find any support for the theory in modern sociology; if Professor so-and-so believes that the Teutons, whoever they may be, are a "race" with a divine mission he is drawing upon his inner consciousness. If somebody else thinks that war is "holy," that is due not to the careful use of his intelligence, but to his rather eccentric notion of what is holy. If Germany had tried to conduct the technique of her commerce and her warfare with the habit of mind in which her spokesmen often glorified her, Germany to-day would be as inefficient as Venezuela and as helpless as Persia.

Were Mr. Hack to take anything more than a literary interest in scientists he would soon discover that they are quite capable of reserving larger parts of their souls from analysis. They can be scientists about physics and commonplace or superstitious about politics, and that, it seems to us, is what the articulate Germans have proved themselves to be. In those areas which Mr. Hack calls "living" they have remained romantic and obscurantist and religiously patriotic. The moral of the war is not that science has given men the Zeppelin where formerly they had to be content with the spear and the arrow, but that the scientific habit has not yet invaded those dogmas of glory and power and self-interest which are our primitive inheritance.

The political ideas which generated this war, the theories of national interest, prestige, honor, patriotism are not the products of science, but territory which science has still to conquer. The brute and the fool in mankind were not produced in the laboratory. Mr. Hack may rest assured that they are a good deal older than Newton or Darwin. Only in spots has man learned to transfigure the mud from which he rose, but that transfiguration is due to the disciplined use of his intelligence. He has hardly begun to apply his mind to politics, but the beginning is an endless promise, and it is a realization of that promise which has made this war intolerable beyond any other.

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As One Woman Sees the Issues

THE editors of the NEW REPUBLIC are curious to know how the newly enfranchised women voters are facing the perplexities of their first practical decision between presidential candidates. That we are regarding the question with great and even excessive conscientiousness is evident to everyone; indeed, no doubt we sometimes give the impression to a casual listener that we believe the fate of the election hangs on our individual decisions. It is so new, this real sharing in the great national questions, that we must be forgiven if we take it and ourselves a bit too seriously.

It would be impossible for me to give any idea as to how the greater number or even any number of Illinois women will vote this coming November. I can only give a description of my own reactions to the different sides of the problem as they have presented themselves, but I am sure they are not unusual and that probably they are much the same as those of a fairly large number of women.

No voter can quite rid himself of his inherited bias, and I ought to say at the outset that I was brought up in an atmosphere of what we call Jeffersonian Democracy, though as I know little about Jefferson, I should like to call it the school of John Bright, even if Bright was no American. Free trade was almost a religion to my father, so was individual liberty and home rule, and as a corollary, no interference with the affairs of other nations. These principles I cannot hold with the same intensity as he did, but very probably they do subconsciously influence all my thinking.

After the nominations I kept my mind open till Mr. Hughes should have given out his own platform and I read with care all his first speeches. I was eager to learn what his stand would be on certain questions upon which the President's attitude had been disappointing. The European war and our relation to it now and in the future was to my mind the most important question of the day, and on this I could glean from Mr. Hughes's speeches not a single definite statement, nothing but what were to me quite unwarranted attacks on the President's conduct. To say that Mr. Wilson should have prevented the sinking of the Lusitania seems to me silly. Nobody took the warnings of the Germany Embassy seriously, nobody believed for a moment that such a crime was possible—witness the almost paralyzing horror that swept over the country when the news came. Also I think it is very rash to say that we should have run no risk of war with Germany if the Lusitania notes had been couched in more imperious and threatening language. It so happens that I was in Berlin the day the first note was made public. I asked a German connected with the War Office if he feared complications with us and he only shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "Why should we care?" Others told us that a war with America would be rather welcomed than not, since we could not possibly be a formidable foe and it would shut off the sale of munitions of war to the Allies. At that time apparently Germany was not thinking of a long-drawn-out war of endurance. When the Sussex incident came she had learned that America as an aid to the Allies during the war and a trade confederate after the war might prove a very formidable antagonist. It was then that the President used more imperious language and reaped the result which his understanding of the changed temper of Germany doubtless led him to expect. To me as to many Americans Mr. Wilson is the President who has kept the country out of the war. From some of Mr. Hughes's speeches one gains the impression that he does not hold Mr. Wilson entitled to this honor, from others that he does not hold it to be an honor.

Second in importance only to the European war seems the Mexican situation, and with regard to this I have been deeply disappointed in Mr. Hughes's speeches. Perhaps the President has blundered in Mexico—nobody seems able to explain the Vera Cruz incident—but his policy is clear: no armed intervention in Mexican affairs, the right of the Mexicans to work out their own salvation, but at the same time the conviction which he as a student of history could not fail to hold, that the working out can come only through the settling of the land question. It is this last consideration, I suspect, which has led him from time to time to throw the weight of the United States into one side of the scale. This may not have been done wisely in all instances; of that I cannot judge. But I am one of those who approve heartily of his general policy. What Mr. Hughes's policy would be I am unable to discover.

On the issue which people prefer to call "preparedness" many of us Middle Westerners have differed strongly with the President and have been disappointed in his attitude during the latter part of his administration. There is no need to go into details. Everyone has seen a decided change during the last year in Mr. Wilson's stand on the necessity for increased armaments in this country, and those of us who are opposed to militarism think

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that the change has come during a time when our country had less and less to fear from European aggression. Nor have we been able to get a clear idea as to the purpose for which our big-bigger-biggest navy is to be used, or whether, in case disarmament does not follow the war, we are to join in the European race for big armies and navies.

If Mr. Hughes had come out with a definite, detailed policy, with a statement of what our relations to other nations ought to be and on what basis the size of our army and navy should be determined, he would have won our respect and it may be our votes. As it is he contents himself with generalities and, like Mr. Wilson, fails to give us any definite program of foreign policy. As between the two candidates there seems no choice on this count, although Mr. Wilson's speech before the League to Enforce Peace and his careful handling of the Japanese situation lead us to hope for wise action if once his second term is secured and he is no longer under the necessity of forestalling Republican criticism. In the early days of his administration, his dealings with other countries were unusually fair and wise. People seem almost to have forgotten his courageous stand on the repeal of the Panama toll act and his proposal to reimburse Colombia for the territory taken from her, but to those who care more that our country should be scrupulously just and fair than that she should be keen for her own advantage and quick to resent injuries, these acts of the President loom very large indeed.

Mr. Hughes has much to say concerning the demoralization of several branches of the service by unworthy appointments. This seems a very just criticism of the first period of the administration, but not of the later period, for the President has made several admirable appointments during the last year. Of course we need far more expert service at home and abroad, and the reforms in this field and in the civil service which Mr. Hughes urges with much feeling are most desirable, but they do not seem to me crucial as are other measures on which he is less outspoken.

His attacks on the administration on the score of extravagance, especially that form which we call " pork-barrel " legislation, are clearly justified. If I could believe that he would bring about radical changes in this domain of politics there would be a strong argument for choosing him, but I cannot believe that he would be able to do it, however good his will may be. The Republican machine is surely more strongly organized than is the Democratic, in spite of the solid South, and who will say it is more disinterested? When one reads the names of those who will come back into power with a return of the Republican party one sees a group of astute and experienced gentlemen far more formidable than any group the Democrats can muster. Much more important in my eyes is the issue of the protective tariff, and here certainly Mr. Hughes is outspoken in favor of the principle of protection. To me he seems absolutely wrong, and this at a time when wrongness on such a subject is more disastrous than ever before. Surely there is no such prolific breeder of wars in our day as the protective tariff; there is no one thing which would so quickly make for universal peace as free trade; and it seems sad that we Americans who are not hampered by the hatreds engendered in this war should be hurrying to copy the warring nations in passing measures which will keep alive national jealousies and create new causes of friction. Republicans tell us that the Democrats are hedging on this issue, that they are admitting the possibility of a tariff imposed for the purpose of protection, not only for revenue; and unfortunately this seems to be true. Nevertheless I should feel safer with a party which regards protection as a grudgingly yielded concession than I should with a party which proudly proclaims its allegiance to the principles of McKinley.

The question of woman suffrage, of the federal amendment, is the one that perhaps a newly made woman voter would be expected to consider first of all. I find that I cannot base a decision between the two candidates upon that issue alone. It seems ungenerous for one who is already emancipated not to do all in her power to help emancipate the rest of womankind, and indeed I would gladly help, but not at the expense of measures which though perhaps no more important are immediately urgent, and must be settled rightly now if we are to escape grave national disasters. In the next four years it will be decided what our relations to Mexico are to be and what part we are to play in the new world after the war. The cause of woman suffrage will not be lost even if the federal amendment is not submitted to the states during this coming administration.

Moreover even if I did put the extension of the franchise to women in the place of first importance I doubt if I should feel obliged to cast my vote for Mr. Hughes. His personal approval of the federal amendment is gratifying, but its value depends on his willingness and his power to coerce an unwilling party. Nothing in his history leads one to think that he would care enough about the suffrage issue to sacrifice much for its sake. The planks of the two parties are identical, and even if in fairness it must be admitted that the chance for a federal amendment is better under a Republican administration than under one dominated by states' rights Democrats, still the chance is so re-

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mote as not to weigh heavily in the balance.

To sum up: On the subject of Mexico Mr. Hughes is vague, so vague that I cannot be sure he does not favor intervention; therefore I prefer Mr. Wilson. On the subject of the European war he is as indefinite, but he conveys an intimation of greater aggressiveness, which makes me wary. On other issues he seems to me sometimes wrong, as on the issue of protection, sometimes right but probably powerless, as on economy of administration, appointment of experts to office, the federal amendment for woman suffrage. On the other hand, although I cannot follow Mr. Wilson in all things, I feel profoundly grateful to him for his wise conduct of the affairs of the nation through several difficult and serious crises, and I believe that on most questions of foreign and domestic policy he is right.

For all these reasons I decide to cast my first presidential vote for Woodrow Wilson.

ALICE HAMILTON.

Achille

I WONDER how the war has affected my old friend Achille. "Gaspard" probably appeals to him, but the ascendency of Barrès must be a bitter pill to swallow. Certainly before the catastrophe the French nationalist school of fiction was anathema to him. He disliked the *jeunes gens d'aujourd-hui,* with their cult of gayety and activity, almost as much as the despised *unanimiste* poets, with their social consciousness. In his day dogma was not the business of a novelist, and poets were romantic egoists writing in traditional meters. In his day Academicians were glorious personages, who wore top hats and gardenias; melancholy was the fashion; taste was more important than morals; and the only thing you could be sure of was that you could be sure of nothing. In his day, in brief, the man of letters was supreme, and second only to him was his understudy, the literary bookseller.

Achille is the last living example of the species, and his move from the Boulevard, several years ago, marked the end of an epoch. To Achille himself it seemed equivalent to a burial, and the leading newspapers bore him out by publishing obituary notices. The special occasion for his failure was the infidelity of a trusted clerk, but the real cause lay deeper: in the fact that books are now sold, even in Paris, like shoes or neckties, instead of like works of art. When Achille set up for himself in the 'eighties, on the still un-Americanized boulevards, one of the regular daily occupations of the Frenchman of the world—writer, lawyer, banker, artist, actor—was a visit to his bookseller. Achille was unable to realize a customer in the twentieth century was a person who gives two minutes and three francs fifty for the first common yellow-back that catches his eye. To him a customer was still a friend: somebody who spent from half an hour to an hour and a half turning over all the books on the counter; somebody who must be discreetly guided, cajoled and amused.

Because I liked to delve in the archives of nineteenth-century literary Paris I followed the old man to his obscure retreat up several flights of stairs in the rue Rossini. The new shop was nothing more or less than Mme. Achille's salon. So do French women meet circumstances. Shelves had been put up along the blue satin-striped wall, and all through the long entrance corridor; they extended even into the kitchen. Between the windows stood a glass-fronted bookcase of elegant design, which contained Achille's chief treasures: a collection of authors' copies, all heavily inscribed. *"A mon ami Achille, l' arbitre des réputations littéraires"*—when Anatole France has written this dedication in your copy of "Thais," and Lamartine has made you smoke your first cigar, even adversity cannot bring you low.

Achille in his old age was a little deaf. One of his eyes turned up. There was often a suspicion of red flannel about his waist line, for he suffered from lumbago. If I came upon him unawares, sitting forlornly by his window, with a black silk handkerchief bound about his neuralgic forehead under his skull-cap, he looked a dismal and shabby old figure. But the moment he caught sight of me off came the handkerchief, and in his manner of bowing over my hand I got a sudden impression of what the delicate culture and liberal dilettantism of the last century were like. His eyes, when he conversed, had a blue flame, and there was real distinction in the poise of his pale head, with its fine white skin and exquisitely curled white hair and beard. The Couture drawing over the mantelpiece—his second greatest treasure—was still very like him, though it represented a young dandy of twenty-five.

The yellowing photographs of actors and painters and writers that hung between the bookshelves dated from the same enchanting but disenchanted quarter century that preceded the birth of the twentieth. There was Sarah Bernhardt at the height of her allurement, Ludovic Halévy, dark and melancholy, Dumas *fils,* foppishly detached, and so on: all inscribed like the books, "To my friend Achille." With the same words, "Achille, mon ami, ca va-t-il?" spoken with affectionate solicitude, the clientèle that remained faithful used

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to come puffing in. It seemed to consist almost entirely of elderly gentlemen who had lived well and long. They wore decorations in their buttonholes, carried canes, and usually brought in their immaculately gloved hands a little box of chocolates "for Madame."

Madame was something of a mystery. I never really saw her, though I was just conscious of the shadow of a black gown and a quiet, resigned, tender face behind the door that stood ajar into the neighboring bedroom. It is so customary for a wife to be the genius of a Paris shop that the separation of functions in Mme. Achille was striking. No doubt she was really at the bottom of such business as remained. Yet because his tradition of elegance forbade, Achille never called her in, however hard it might be to find a book. He spoke of her very often. The locked bookcase was her heritage. She would sell the famous autographs and have a guaranty for her old age. He described to me, too, how, as he lay reading Balzac in the evening, she sat beside him.

"Ah, que c'est joli, les 'Mémoires de deux jeunes Mariées'—I declare it's the prettiest thing I ever read. I believe I wept a little last night when one of them lost her baby—you remember? My wife had to scold me. Sometimes I drop off in the middle of a chapter, then I wake a shade sad and speak to her, and she is always there, always. Elle est charmante, ma femme, et elle m'aime bien." To Achille the first need of man, outside of literature, was to be loved well, and the first virtue of woman was charm. When we talked of George Sand, he always ended, rather disparagingly: "A genius, yes, but she looked like a petite bourgeoise mal arrangée—a badly-dressed, unpretentious little woman."

Stories about the great writers of his youth were Achille's chief stock in trade. I made in the beginning the fatal mistake of asking him to procure me modern novels and vers-libre poets. As a consequence, he considered me a brand to be saved from the burning; and when he shuffled to the bookcase—his lame and tired and baggy lower parts recalling his fallen fortunes, while his head towered above them—it was in the hope that one of his sacred copies of Maupassant or Daudet might prove to me the unworthiness of "Jean-Christophe." He kept his piercing blue eye on me as I turned the pages, to see whether the magic was working. His lack of comprehension of the modern note struck me at first as snobbery, affectation. But I came to believe that he really could not make out what our incoherent age was up to. Literature used to be more important than life. Now life had bewilderingly become more important than literature. The suggestion that Paul Fort was a poet made him tremulous with indignation.

"Do you know him, M. Achille?"

"Moi? Know that wretched Bohemian?"

"The romantic poets were so different, then?"

"Je crois bien." And he went back to Lamartine, who was such a great seigneur and gave him a cigar when he was just a little publisher's devil waiting for the great man's proofs.

"And De Musset?"

"Ah, he was exquisite. So was Heine. I preferred Heine, but they were something alike, with their faces of the dying Christ, and they perished of the same disease. Hugo, in his grand old age, Sully Prudhomme, all fire and flame, De Vigny—but he was an unapproachable one—I knew them all well. How crass they make the modern men seem!"

The decline of the understudy must inevitably be more pathetic than that of the hero, and Achille's rôle has always been secondary. But it was bitter for him to feel that his advice was no longer asked.

"Are you sure it's 'Marie-Claire' she wants?" I heard him inquire of the clerk one day—so querulously that the watchful presence in the bedroom seemed to stir uneasily. "People speak so indistinctly over the telephone!" he exclaimed crossly. "If she had only come in herself I would have persuaded her not to buy that intolerably dull book. People have no time, no time nowadays," he groaned, as a spasm of pain transfixed him in his limping walk across the room. "What I want to know is what they do with the hours they used to spend in bouquinage!"

Bouquiner, flâner: those are indeed nineteenth-century words. They went out of fashion when the affaire Dreyfus shattered irony into bits; when the voice of the working classes began to thunder; when German ships began to appear on the Moroccan coast and French business methods had to be "whooped up" to match those from beyond the Rhine. Imagine a clerk at Brentano's growing emotional over a customer's choice of a novel! Literature is still a social art in France to a greater extent than in any other country: the flowering, the synthesizing of a "general sense of mankind" gathered from talk as well as from life, at the café as well as in the study. A novel like "Gaspard" shows how deeply it draws sustenance from the common experience of the French people. But the day of the literary bookseller is done; and when the salon-shop is closed for the last time and the authors' copies are dispersed, there will be nobody to remember Achille but a few sentimental antiquarians.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

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The Case for Benson

THE NEW REPUBLIC is committed to the difficult and adventurous work of threshing out the issues in the present national election so as to stimulate the independent citizen to clear thinking and effective voting. While admiring without reserve the candor and public spirit with which you have set about this work, many of your readers stand far from indorsing your contemptuous dismissal of the Socialist ticket. We believe that, despite any flaws—real or alleged—in the personality of the Socialist candidate or in the soundness of the Socialist program, there are excellent and conclusive reasons why a progressive can assert his principles with the utmost political effectiveness by casting his ballot next November for the Socialist rather than for the Republican or the Democratic candidate. Let us state our reasons point by point.

1. The historic function of minority groups representing the progressive social needs of the day is to act as pacemaker to the group or groups in power. This was the case when the Root-and-Branch men, representing extreme Roundhead sentiment, forced the hand of the Long Parliament in 1641. It was frankly recognized as a fact by that bold realist, Bismarck, when he said to his supporters: "Give the workingman the right to employment when he is well, assure him care when he is sick, and give him maintenance when he is old. Do this, and I believe the Socialists will sound their siren call in vain and the workingmen will cease flocking to them." The Sickness, Accident, and Old-Age Insurance acts subsequently passed suffice to point the moral. A third instance may be taken from contemporary politics. In 1912 the progressive minority (liberals, radicals, socialists, and trade unionists) polled five million Progressive and Socialist votes. The result of this startling concentration of protestants was a revolution in the policy of the victorious party. Within four years the Democrats have changed from pirouetting gayly along on mid-nineteenth century Benthamite individualism to coquetting furtively with twentieth-century state socialism. Could the inference be easier? Concessive is the head that wears a crown when a determined minority has an axe to grind.

2. In consequence of the recent collapse of the Bull Moose in Chicago, the post of honor as minority pacemaker devolves exclusively on the Socialist party—at least in the present campaign.

3. Those voters who suffered in 1912 from an attack of infantile liberalism may wander back convalescent to the Republican or the Democratic fold. But can the radical-minded man follow suit? A clinical study of the program of the two leading parties should convince him that to do so would be to betray his principles. Neither Republicans nor Democrats are pledged to fundamental progressive reforms, such as the immediate extension of the suffrage to women on the same terms as to men, and an attack on poverty through

a. Sharply graduated inheritance and income taxes including heavy taxes on unearned incomes. (Even pre-war taxes in England were far higher than ours, and unearned incomes were specifically taxed.)

b. Measures against unemployment, although this monstrous industrial evil has scarcely a single apologist, and although, as long ago as 1878, Bismarck said in the Reichstag: "I recognize, unconditionally, a right to employment."

c. A reduction in the high cost of living, although the rise in prices, continuous for 16 years, has nowhere been accompanied by an equivalent rise in real wages, and has consequently degraded the standard of life of great masses of the people.

In short, both the major parties are in agreement as to

a. Urging military and naval preparation on an extensive scale to protect the private property of the privileged man;

b. *Not* urging social and economic preparation on an extensive scale to protect the public domain of the common man.

What then, in terms of the progressive "social vision," is the only discernible issue between the two parties? It is that one professes boundless loyalty to Jefferson and American traditions, while the other protests undying attachment to Lincoln and American ideals. THE NEW REPUBLIC appeals to the conscientious radical to show an "immediately significant political preference" for one of these parties. But how can he make what George William Curtis called a choice between Jesse James for Betterment and Deadwood Dick for Reform? He will have to resort to the flip of a coin.

4. But such a flippant choice will render him politically unrepresented and inarticulate. What is worse, it will disastrously retard any genuine progressive program of social reconstruction. Faint minority never won fair reform. If earnest progressives, numbering, say a million and a half, throw away their votes on Mr. Wilson or Mr. Hughes, the faint minority remaining will be impotent to wring from the next party in power even such modest concessions as the Wilson administration submitted to. On the other hand, con-

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sider the effect of a Socialist vote of three millions bunched so as to bag from six to a dozen congressmen. It will convince even the divine-right transportation barons that the recognition of labor as a national economic factor is a matter of practical politics. It will put a curb on the mad philanthropy of the poor, who hand over to the rich (in the United States alone) the colossal sum of eight billion dollars annually (in rent and interest) for absolutely no return. It will elicit the respectful interest of Congress in the demand for a rearrangement of the economic system that provides big incomes and no work at one end of the social scale and no incomes and big work at the other end.

5. The progressive elector may declare that the two Socialist planks on militarism and a foreign policy are so repugnant to his sentiments and so opposed to his desires as to be quite insufferable. It is true that the Socialist party stands squarely against increased military and naval forces, and unequivocally for a democratic international policy in foreign affairs. But these two points are precisely the two on which the progressives (and not the Socialists) are sure to get their own way, no matter whether Mr. Hughes or Mr. Wilson captures the White House. Powerful army and navy establishments and a heightened prestige for the United States are actually the only "constructive" measures which both the leading parties advocate with emphatic sincerity. Need the progressive carry coals to Newcastle or bolster up with a ballot the military appropriation of half a billion dollars already ratified by the President? In the current temper of the American public, even three million Socialist votes could hardly prevent the adoption by the next administration of stiff armament measures and a determined foreign policy. These votes could do little to stop the nation's military preparation. But they could do much to advance the nation's socio-economic preparation. Suppose the radical minority to poll a weak vote. Does anyone doubt what the bourbonism of the winning party, whichever it be, will do? It will jump with ruthless speed on all plans for socializing and humanizing the machinery of civilization, the very plans for integrating America which—as Walter Lippmann so persuasively tells us and as many of us believe—offer the only "preparedness" worth while.

6. As the triumph of the Socialist candidate for President in 1916 can take place only through the miraculous conversion of the American people to a belief in democracy, no progressive need fear or hope that his ballot will elect Mr. Benson. But he should not forget that a vote cast for the Socialist ticket is the surest way of furthering the immediate reforms on which both he and the Socialist agree.

7. THE NEW REPUBLIC editorially expresses the conviction that "any administration which acted on the Socialist program would land the country in disaster." This criticism is too vague to be met with a specific reply. The party's eighteen political and six industrial demands are extremely moderate; indeed, almost all the political demands have long since been written into law by the Labor party of Australia. Moreover, we are bound to point out that the Socialist platform does not call for its own wholesale fulfillment by the first Socialist administration, and that no intelligent Socialist proposes such complete immediate fulfillment or believes it to be possible. In any event, the election is not likely to give the Socialist party the power, even if it had the inclination, fully to carry out its program during the next four years.

In conclusion, we call attention to the astonishing candor with which the two chief parties pledge their sacred honor to the service of "Business." Under the singular caption, *Economic Freedom*, the Democrats strike this keynote:

> We must now remove . . . every remaining element of unrest and uncertainty from the path of the business men of America, and secure for them a continued period of quiet, assured, and confident prosperity.

Under the blunter heading of *Business*, the economic keynote of the Republicans reads:

> The Republican party believes in encouraging American business, as it believes in and will seek to advance all American interests.

"Business" is the interest singled out for special mention, and anyone who looks for the other interests in the economic part of the platform will discover that "Business" has a multiple identity, like the celebrated Pooh Bah. Contrast these keynotes with the progressive big four—that is, with the progressive extension of the collective ownership of monopolist industry, the progressive taxation of unearned income, the progressive regulation of private industry, and a "national minimum" of subsistence, education, sanitation, and leisure. These are the four lines of advance that Socialists and progressives alike are committed to, and that Sidney Webb describes as "a merely empirical development from the principles of Peel, Bentham, and Gladstone." Susceptible radicals, easily beglamored with sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, may take a gambler's chance on Mr. Hughes or Mr. Wilson. But the sound progressive will not fail to observe that the only driving force in politics to-day behind the big four is the

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Socialist party. We accordingly invite him to support this party's ticket as a piece of political realism and as the only practical way of marking "an immediately significant political preference."

EVANS CLARK
WILLIAM F. COCHRAN
FELIX GRENDON
MAX HEIDELBERG
JESSIE HUGHAN
FLORENCE KELLEY
CHARLOTTE K. KRUESI
WALTER E. KRUESI
HARRY W. LAIDLER
DARWIN J. MESEROLE
HIRAM KELLEY MODERWELL
W. P. MONTAGUE
HARRY A. OVERSTREET
WALTER RAUSCHENBUSCH
J. G. PHELPS STOKES
AGNES D. WARBASSE
JAMES P. WARBASSE

Aphrodite—B. C. 400

Boston Museum of Fine Arts

SHE tilted her head gently to one side and looked a little beyond me with an expression half humorous, half consciously wistful. She had just been quoting a bit of Edgar Lee Masters. The savor of modern comment was on her lips; its intensity made up of curiosity; its bravado made up of restless humor; its hard melancholy made up of scepticism. Perhaps it was an imaged love-poem that she had been reading me, something which made her smile with pleasure at its pale, disingenuous beauty; or, again, it might have been some angular caricature, so full of bitterness that the tears hovered in her eyes.

It was difficult to know what she was thinking.

She was very lovely. The fresh living curves of her brow and cheek were modelled with the utmost delicacy, and thought only made the subtlest ripples of shadow across her white face, scarcely attenuating its perfect physical beauty. There was about her an atmosphere of independence which seemed to find its expression in the sweep of her hair to the top of her head, while the ends parted and fell in soft curls, curiously reminiscent of the natural surging contours of sea waves. Freedom was in this hair of hers, in the straight pillar of her neck, in the resolute egoism of her lips. If she did not already have the vote, one felt that she was going to have it. Her method of obtaining it, however, would be far from a militant one. Bombs, hatpins and torches were not her weapons, neither fiery arguments; she was more fatally and simply armed with charm.

Yes, the vote was hers. And yet, somehow, one felt it had ceased to mean much to her. She had once seen it in the far distance as a glowing symbol of equality in responsibility—a thing to be striven for. But then something had happened to her. She had been bold enough, or perhaps idle enough, to look beyond practical things, beyond practical affairs and responsibilities. She had flung down a metaphysical gauntlet and required of life an explanation. She had dared ask questions of the silent Sphinx. What her experience had been she was too lazy, perhaps, too feminine and uncreative, ever to want to reveal. The light of her lonely intellectual and spiritual wanderings lay behind her charming, shadowed eyes. Her subtle glance told no stories and made no confessions. It looked dreamily by me in a vague, affectionate way, while her mouth smiled carelessly, as if softly mocking at some too earnest pain.

She held between the world and herself the shining shield of a determined objectivity. To pierce behind the brilliant reserve of such a woman of the world required penetration, but with patience one could perhaps divine a little of her spiritual history. One guessed that at fifteen she had read Darwin and Huxley and Herbert Spencer, and had renounced prayer books, angels and immortality with a sense of enormous adventure. After that, naked and free, she had wandered far afield into Plato and Nietzsche, Aristotle and Kant. Then suddenly and quite unexpectedly she had shuddered to feel herself alone with her reason, and had turned to Bergson and William James, attracted by the cheerful possibilities offered by modern psychologists. But it was only to become conscious that, after all, these calm experimentalists offered her no definite faith, only the most generous and discreetly formulated of plausibilities. Still seeking, almost tremblingly as she told herself in moments of self-contempt, for a kind land in which she might find rest, she had grasped the hands of the poets, Maeterlinck and Tagore, and followed the saints, Buddha and Christ. Purged of theology, the Sermon on the Mount could not but appeal to her. The sublime poetry of it—the thought of "mansions in heaven"—made her smile tenderly as one would at a little child. But her perfect sense of proportion made her always see over and around things; and while the beauty of such imaginings stirred her, and fed a certain passionate hunger in her for certainty, she could never become the servant of a philosophy in which hard facts, the scientific phenomena of the universe, were either disregarded or directly denied.

And so, finally, she had given the great search up, not without a slight sense of dishonorable defeat, and life now came to her day after day only as a pageant upon which it was best to gaze with serene, half-kind, half-amused eyes. She had once been a fierce idealist; she had wanted all or nothing, oblivious of the fact that life consists of half-portions. Now she was outwardly taking things as they were, although in her inner self she told herself proudly that she took nothing; that, spiritually, she was a self-sufficient solitary.

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But there were times when her endurance gave way and she cried out in her solitude. Then she would go into churches and kneel down, and perhaps feel a mystic thrill. Only to have her reason—her unconquerable reason—remind her that her emotion came from overwrought nerves and the effect on her senses of semi-darkness and the smell of incense. Sometimes she would watch a great sunset. One in particular she remembered, red and gold over the Aegean Islands. She had stood long in the October evening, hoping to discern a mystery behind its glory. But here again Beauty had been the only message that reached her, and so to Beauty she had dedicated her soul.

She felt that for her the life of the senses was the only sincere one; to be a refined materialist was to be truly herself. And, therefore, near her always were beautiful objects, and her eyes lingered on rare flowers and carved bowls and the exquisite colored plumage of fantastic birds. Many people would have called her heartless; she was only too clever and too true to her own cleverness. Others would have thought her immoral; she was only too infinitely complicated to harbor a prejudice or a conviction. She relieved suffering because it was a horror, a disfigurement on the face of the earth. In her dark, hidden hours she had cursed the creator of pain. But now, without searching for its cause, she pitied ugliness of soul or body, and did not want it near her.

Her wisdom, acquired in dead days of anguish, was hard and unshakable. Human art and human love she knew to be the two great salvations, the two great avenues of escape from barren and desolate fields of speculation. Here analysis was halted, and self-torture ceased. Here one stopped dissecting the gold of sunshine. Here was passionate completion and an escape from the wearying intellectual necessity for looking beyond. Soul and senses were finally one; loneliness ended, and vision could be shared. At last, one met with others on mountain tops.

Such was the record of her inner life, and such her ultimate philosophy. But she did not deign to illumine the outside world concerning these things. Those who felt the cold and keen rapier of her intelligence never guessed what hidden fires of suffering had tempered her mind into steel. To appeal for sympathy would have seemed to her pure sentimentality, a combination of weakness and stupidity. Her lovers might be charmed by a hidden melancholy in her, but she would keep its secret essence from their knowledge, and sadness would only hover about her as a sweet perfume hovers about a rose. As I looked at her I knew that to those around her she had resolutely made herself the goddess of the breathing and the actual, of dangerous earthly beauty. Subtly and irresistibly she spoke of the tangible. She had hushed her hungry soul to sleep with the music of viols, and drugged it into silence with spiced wines. There was about her the strange pathos of what is consciously ephemeral, and something of its soft and cruel intensity. Dreamily she would pluck any flower she chose, only to let it drop when its scent or its color should pall. Her last faith was a belief in the moment, and inexorably she held out the finite in her hand. She smiled beyond me, half-bored, half-captivated. Perhaps she looked, idly and yet deeply, at some bright-haired boy, or gazed with gently pleased sensibility at the carefully wrought heart's tissue of an artist.

MARY CASS CANFIELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

To "All Fair Americans"

SIR: Your editorial on terms of peace is most timely, and your support of the English *Nation's* liberal plan should be gratefully confirmed by all fair Americans. Certain details in the plan are questionable: Serbia before 1913 admitted Bulgaria's right to Macedonia southeast of Uskub, and the northern edge of the Trentino is distinctly not Italian. But in general it merits acceptance.

Is it a possible plan, though, while the belligerent governments are uncertain of this autumn's military outcome? I have a shrewd suspicion that the reasons why the Allies have not formally propounded their terms are (1) lack of unanimity among themselves and ignorance of the final discrepancy (whatever it may be) between the desirable and the possible—between the *Nation's* first and second plans, and (2) apprehension lest Germany, officially apprised of the extreme terms which would of course be offered first (with the second darkly reserved as a minimum for bargaining purposes), should cease grumbling, due to the popular belief in victory already secured, and the political dissension now weakening her, and should unite once more for pure self-defense. The Germans of the Chancellor's party, who realize that the war is lost, already desperately fear dictation by their foes of such intolerable terms as Russian annexation of Constantinople and, still worse, East Prussia, Rumanian subjection of the German and Magyar upper half of Transylvania's population in the interest of the lower half, and the loss of once Danish but now thoroughly German Holstein and the Kiel Canal. Secretly, the civilians in the German government are almost surely ready to give up even such cherished aggrandizements as Antwerp, Courland, and the railroad through Serbia, not to speak of their former colonies, if on such terms they could obtain peace without loss of what was theirs before the rash adventure. But they know that the Allies' appetite, now that the tide has definitely turned, is as insatiable as was their own at first; and until they have proved on all fronts that it will cost the Allies more to push them to their own frontiers than it would to bargain them out of their conquests by such liberal terms as the *Nation* has proposed, no negotiations are possible.

America's part then is to support the liberals among the Allies with the strongest public approval, including plain expressions of unwillingness to guarantee in any way a peace perpetuating extreme and unjust terms, and of cor-

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responding willingness to join a league to enforce a fair peace which solves not only the strife-breeding problems of Central Europe, but also relieves the wrongs of the Finns, Jews and other oppressed peoples in Russia, the victims of Italian expansion in the Levant and Albania, the helpless Chinese, and even the Irish, by international action, as the *Nation's* Plan B hints; and to discourage England's thirst for Heligoland and Kiel, France's for the Rhine, Italy's for the Adriatic, and Russia's immense desire for all of Poland, eastern Prussia, Constantinople and the hegemony of the whole Near East.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT, JR.

Asticou, Maine.

Books and Things

SO far as I can recall that course in modern history after these many years, human liberty was born somewhere in the Thuringian forest. The precise spot for the moment escapes me, but the professor knew it, perhaps had visited it. He was willing to admit that other races had their missions, not without some value to the world, but on this one thing he insisted: Had it not been for that blue-eyed, fair-haired, broad-chested early Teuton there could have been no political liberty as we enterprising western peoples understand the term. The Latin idea: All authority from above down—by the grace of God. The Teutonic idea: All authority from below up by the will of the people. There you have it in a nutshell—two irreconcilable ideas whose conflicts and alternations make up the history of modern Europe. Latin elements in history: The Papacy, Holy Roman Empire, divine right of kings, passive resistance, Inquisition, Counter-Reformation, every form of obscurantism, every reactionary movement down to the present day. Teutonic elements: Rise of the Free Cities, Third Estate, Witenagemat, trial by jury, British Parliament, representative government, and every popular revolution, or progressive tendency down to the present day. In short, if from the point of view of modern liberal sentiment anything in the world went wrong there was a Latin devil at the bottom of it, and if it went right there was always that early Teuton to be thanked. Nor let us forget his deep-bosomed spouse, at whose chastity so many historians have exclaimed with a degree of astonishment that seems unaccountable, for they themselves could not have been wholly without experience of chaste women in their lives. But perhaps they believed that chastity also occurred for the first time somewhere in the Thuringian forest.

Every reasonable American soon grew tired of this worthy couple and I fancy the Teutonic explanation of civilization made very little impression on the minds of our growing youth. But this sort of nonsense was rather prevalent in those days. We had formed this habit during many years, it will be remembered, of shipping to Germany hordes of imitative, unimaginative American scholars—a wise thing to do if we compelled them to stay there, but we very foolishly let them come home again. Hence in my unduly prolonged academic experience I was forever encountering unfortunate creatures who had fallen betwixt the two stools of civilization, and did not seriously belong anywhere. A good many of them served no other purpose than to spread a sort of German measles in our academic life. However, most of us made a quick recovery. There have never been many people in this country who really cared whether the superman of history was a blonde or a brunette. I, for example, am a party man, as passionate political candidates are fond of saying, but in the remoter epochs of universal history I reject all party ties. I have always approached the affairs of early German forest life in the spirit of a mugwump, and I have never cast my vote for any divinity that ran for Providence on an exclusively Teutonic platform.

In a like spirit a non-combatant is apt to distrust the many French publicists, journalists and men of letters who are at this moment reducing history to melodrama with the Teutonic element as the villain of the piece. It is not enough to hate all Germans of the present day, it seems, or even to hate them through eternity, as M. Paul Bourget so earnestly advises, but they must be hunted out at the beginning of their history and hated all the way down. So back they go in their turn to that same tiresome early German couple, looking for a prehistoric scandal, and they find that their forest life was a devilish loose one at best, and that they lied like pickpockets even before they were out of the woods. They have that on the authority of Velleius Paterculus, who said all Germans were born for lying. Their subsequent history may be simply told. Born as liars, they passed rapidly through the Middle Ages, plundering and murdering, and resisting the approach of civilization as they went. The purer the German, the darker the deed, sums up well enough the Middle Ages. Reaching the modern period, through no merit of their own, they passed the time in revealing three characteristics: lust of their neighbors' lands, love of despotism, and the belief that they were God's chosen people, holding fast meanwhile to all the barbarities of their beginning. Again you have it in a nutshell.

Now if this manner of writing will bring down the German Empire any sooner, there are several millions of French sympathizers in this country who will gladly see it go on, and some of us may even take a hand in it. I, for one, would gladly have a fling at Frederick Barbarossa if it would aid in taking a single German trench. If it will help General Joffre to have us hate the Germans backwards, we will burn the Germania of Tacitus, expurgate Caesar's Gallic War, and try to get Velleius Paterculus into the schools. If it is necessary to hate them forwards, we will found a society of detestation on the model of "Souvenez-Vous," a French association recently organized, and by means of "books, pamphlets, albums, placards, lectures, films, pictures, class-room manuals, New Year's gifts, prizes, plays, commemorations, anniversaries, and pilgrimages," every one of them perfectly odious. We, too, will do our best to keep resentment aglow. But it is only fair that we know in advance why we are doing it. Of the benefit to France, present or future, that will ensue from these activities there is not an inkling to be had from these writers. In wishing a complete victory for France and generous terms of peace for her enemies, what is wrong with us? At what greater advantages for their country do these writers aim, and in what respect are their efforts pertinent?

But in any event patriotism need not run back further than the Fall of Constantinople, it seems to me, and one would think that any fiery historian now busy blowing up some Hohenstaufen *boches* ought rather to be drafted for some useful service, possibly in a munition factory at clerical work, which would bear more nearly on the aim he has at heart, and contribute just as much to race psychology. One would think from the writings of a good many of her intellectuals that France had nothing serious to do.

FRANK M. COLBY.

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Mr. Wells Discovers God

Mr. Britling Sees It Through, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

TO write a novel on the heels of direct experience is one of Mr. Wells's greatest gifts. It is as simple for him to tell a story embodying the moods of the minute as for a camera to catch a diver in mid air. Most men take years to bring their own relations into focus. It is the convention for men to wait until their own story is finished before they write their autobiography with a palsied hand. Mr. Wells has for a long time vigorously disregarded this convention. He no more needs the stability of historical consensus for his guidance than a lightning calculator needs a pencil and pad. Mr. Wells does not simply take the background of his own time into consideration. He takes the shifting ideas, the kaleidoscopic mind. This is irregular. It is "journalistic." It is the introduction of spit-ball methods into fiction. It is speeding up the profession of novel-writing in an anti-union way. In spite of its parvenu aspect, however, it is Mr. Wells's greatest triumph, and it now enables him to write a genuine novel of the war.

"Mr. Britling" may seem autobiographical. It is a happy circumstance of authorship that those experiences which Mr. Wells recently suffered as a middle-aged Englishman in the Zeppelin area should be resumed so substantially by Mr. Britling. Mr. Britling is not, however, Mr. Wells. No good novel could be strictly autobiographical. To suppose that a novel is autobiographical is to accuse a painter of using actual grass on his canvas. It is to put imaginative integrity out of the question. Mr. Britling is not Mr. Wells. He is merely a sympathetic twin caught by Mr. Wells in the astonishing act of duplicating Mr. Wells's experiences. Between them there is a decent severance. Mr. Wells can hold Mr. Britling in his eye. But because Mr. Wells is himself a prosperous Englishman between 40 and 50, a writer on world affairs, a married man with children, a person of the same courageous, hopeful, gusty, amorous disposition, a person writing a very similar handwriting and with almost the same intonations, we can congratulate ourselves on the facility with which Mr. Britling can be affixed. It is not sound to identify Mr. Wells completely with his own Mr. Britling. That would be subtly yet infinitely misleading. But it is important immensely that Mr. Wells has conceived a gentleman standing pretty much in the same shoes. Mr. Wells can on that account afford to say, "I *know* my Britling." We in turn, haply interested in the author, can after due allowance observe, "So much the better do we know our Wells."

We not only know him better, we know him as never before. There is no intimation of class or quality in saying "Wells's new book." He is as variable as he is varied. He is so much a genius that nothing about him can be predicted beforehand, not even his genius. He has a mind like a Klondike and as many surprises as the gold-rush territory itself. But this novel of the war, serialized to its own detriment as it was, can be defined as a glorious success. It is so much a novel of genius as to end oscillation as to Mr. Wells's perceptions. It cannot fail for some readers to mean a permanent resumption of belief in the spiritual intelligibility of Mr. Wells.

It is a little worse than useless, so far as such reassurance is concerned, to say that "Mr. Britling" is a novel of the war. There are things that Mr. Wells has said about the war which had not, so to speak, spiritual intelligibility. One of them was that little spurt of cold fury which was shot at America in the *Everybody's* symposium —a sort of venomed transatlantic spit. Because he loved England Mr. Wells looked on America in the way the wife of a hero who is being walloped might look on a cautious, legally righteous, non-interfering friend next door. And when Mr. Wells is moved under such circumstances he employs the cool style of the publicist to carry the spleen of Seven Dials. But it is not that kind of novel which Mr. Wells has written in "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." There is in H. G. Wells a great deal of passionateness which leads him to lash out at everything which crosses him, to speak with bristling contemptuousness of one order of beings after another. In that he is like the sanguine, generous Mr. Britling. But the value of "Mr. Britling" is its revelation of this apparently feral nature under the supreme test of a highly nationalistic war. Then the wildness is found to be nothing worse than the violence of sensitiveness, a sensitiveness that in another mood is the magic carpet to all that is alien. Goaded at first by the war, Mr. Britling ends by interpreting even bereavement. He ends by "seeing it through." And in the processes of searching his soul he does not rest on his first impulse, to maintain merely the assailed goodness of England, "the deep and long unspoken desire for kindliness and fairness." He faces "the deeper riddles of essential evil and of conceivable changes in the heart of man." He avoids the allurements of "ineffective gentleness." He goes through the "pessimistic pit." He comes to admit that the issues of the war lack the simple greatness that would make the stern happiness

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of stoicism possible. He accepts the existence of "the truer Germany that is thought and system" and acknowledges its conflict with an England not all ways great. In the account of these mutations there is a candor so passionate and thorough, a humor so large and lovable, a self-knowledge so humble, that one can hardly restrain admiration. It is a change from the contentiousness of Mr. Wells, as if trip-hammers made music and dentists employed wooden needles.

"The reversional trend given by warlike experience and warlike preoccupation," says Thorstein Veblen, makes "for a reversion to the Grace of God." Perhaps it is that that helps "Mr. Britling" to seem mellow. But the best of the book appears to me to come before this note is struck. I can understand Mr. Britling discovering God, his God of limited liability. "Hitherto God had been for him a thing of the intelligence, a theory, a report, something told about but not realized. . . . Mr. Britling's thinking about God hitherto had been like some one who has found an empty house, very beautiful and pleasant, full of the promise of a fine personality. And then as the discoverer makes his lonely, curious explorations, he hears downstairs, dear and friendly, the voice of the Master coming in. . . . There was no need to despair because he himself was one of the feeble folk. God was with him indeed, and he was with God. The King was coming to his own. Amidst the darknesses and confusions, the nightmare stupidities and the hideous cruelties of the great war, God, the Captain of the World Republic, fought his way to empire. So long as one did one's best and utmost in a cause so mighty, did it matter though the thing one did was little and poor." One can understand it, this God as companion of the urgent soul, this generous adjustment of so passionate a nature to the necessities of a world in change.

To Mr. Britling in his hours of nocturnal imagination, hours when the molehills throw mountainous shadows on the mind, the world readily became an egg, and "he had the subconscious delusion that he had laid it." Instead of encouraging this delusion, as Mr. Wells seemed to do in "The Research Magnificent," he gives it deeply humorous interpretation. There are adventures asking for courage and greatness in Mr. Britling, although he is only "a writer, a footnote to reality." But there is no urgent feeling that the world must advert to him or blow up.

Perhaps because Mr. Wells has these proportions for Mr. Britling, the book seems unusually witty. "Britain was not a state—it was an unincorporated people." "What is the good of all this clamoring for a change of government. We haven't a change of government. It's like telling a tramp to get a change of linen." Mr. Britling "pointed all too plainly at America." "There's two sorts of liberalism—there's the liberalism of great aims and the liberalism of defective moral energy."

Mr. Wells's American, Mr. Direck, is not entirely successful. He accords with the British convention by which Americans are all rather like Gerald Stanley Lee, and is full of points about America—points that don't tickle one's gizzard as hard as such hard points ought to. But there is delicious sympathetic chronicle of Mr. Direck in love. "Mr. Direck's mood was an immense solemnity, like a dark ocean beneath the vast dome of the sky, and something quivered in every fibre of his being, like moonlit ripples on the sea."

It is convenient to believe you love just once. It is attractive to sentimentalize about youth, once it is over. It is natural to put down harassing "cosmic solicitudes" as "the last penalties of irreligion." These are possible weaknesses in the philosophy adumbrated in "Mr. Britling." But a finer use has never been made by Mr. Wells of his great faculty for bringing his age into focus. Posterity alone can judge whether Mr. Wells pickles experience so quickly that it cannot be expected to remain pickled. Certainly the process is to the advantage of the present reader. And it is to the honor of an England still engaged in war.

F. H.

Heroics

Americanization, by Royal Dixon. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

MOST people in these days whose purpose is to keep the old-fashioned brand of patriotism popular try to avoid associating it with the more blatantly archaic ideals and reactionary points of view. They do not arouse any more prejudice against their doctrines than they can help. They are a little nervous about identifying Americanism with a nebulous sublime thrill, with the union of church and state, with a hostility to vocational education, with the Apostles' Creed and with family honor. They feel that it is undiplomatic to imply that the Roman Catholic Church is the spiritual leader in American regeneration while the other churches have degenerated into a "free-thinking, flaccid system of religion." They are a little tactful about imputing to the inspiration of women's clubs almost every good and healing social reform we have. There are too many sceptical liberals about not to make the prudent patriot rather careful to give the old-fashioned virtues a modern flavor when he preaches them to a wide public.

Mr. Royal Dixon, however, is the victim of no such inhibitions. If he hopes to appeal to liberals it is only by his intrepidity in flouting them. It is clearly to the masses that his words are addressed, to those who have not surrendered completely to "materialism and irreligion." The rest of us have "put speed, size, show, invention, adaptability and ready cash over family honor, national honor, church, creed, art, letters, music." Some of us see in the new education the shining hope of Americanism. Mr. Dixon believes that "it is the proper business of a university to be no less than a hundred years behind the times, to offer no practical inducements to anyone, and to seek alone the cultivation, the nourishment, the expansion of the mind." He would have class-rooms set aside in the public schools where priests might come regularly to give religious instruction to our children whom the banishment of religion from the public schools has left "untouched by fear of God and respect for ideals." He would have them taught how "Truth, Beauty, Faith, Liberty, were sought for and achieved" by "the national heroes and heroines, saints and conquerors, from Alexander the Great to St. Catherine of Siena, and George Washington to Florence Nightingale." Thus is the young American to learn patriotism, under the spell of which he will "die for his country, knowing that his death is the most honorable of all human acts of nobility and sacrifice."

In his readings of history Mr. Dixon is no more inclined to pander to the modernist than he is in his educational theories and ethics. He longs to see America regain her "epic consciousness," to feel again that heroic mood of 1814-1850, when "we stood before the world as a con-

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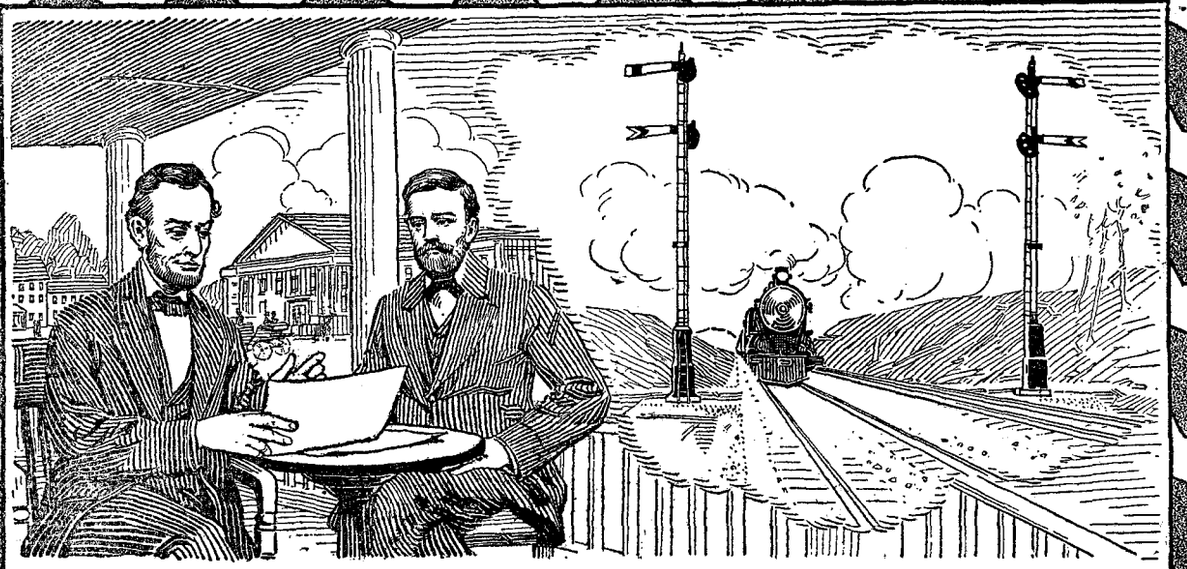

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sciously powerful nation ready to battle against evil, to uphold the idea of human liberty, to repel aggression and to seek no quarrel," while "we tilled the soil, went steadily about our business, believed in America and worshipped God." Mr. Dixon can even refer complacently to our last "recrudescence of epic consciousness" when "we exacted no fruits of conquest and submitted cash for the privilege of civilizing the Filipinos and giving them schools and sewerage." How quickly a national consciousness that is epic forgets its own atrocities, the "water-cure," the horrors of Samar and Caloocan and the beneficent militarism of "hell-roaring Jake" Smith.

The modernist will like Mr. Dixon's arithmetic even less than his theology. He makes us realize the gravity of the Americanization problem by telling us that only twelve per cent of the foreign-born whites, or scarcely more than a million and a half of the fourteen million adult foreigners here can read or write in any language. This information would be true if it read "only twelve per cent can *not* read or write in any language," and if the fourteen million referred to all the foreign-born instead of the adults. Mr. Dixon's argument is not destroyed by this fact, but his talent for misinformation is rather engagingly displayed. Not content with using as a major premise the assumption that eighty-eight per cent of the foreign-born in this country are wholly illiterate, he represents the city of Syracuse expending forty thousand hand bills and ten thousand "neat folders" in a campaign to capture what he describes as "sixty-five non-English-speaking and fifty-two illiterate persons." The work in Syracuse and Detroit has been too valuable a model of Americanizing methods to be made ridiculous by such queer mismanagement of figures. One's heart goes out to those two luckless friends of Mr. Dixon's whom he incriminates as having been responsible for "encouragement, revision of text, practical suggestions, scholarly and valuable assistance."

If Mr. Dixon's obscurantism is characteristic of the approach that large numbers of Americans are making to the problems of Americanization, he is a little alarming. But fortunately he prints as compensation for his patriotic religiosity Miss Frances Kellor's sane and admirable program. The social agencies which follow her leads of practical enterprise will need no mystic assistance. They will travel far beyond Mr. Dixon's vision, that perfect goal of his, where "the hearts of all her peoples beat with an indescribable, sublimely wonderful thrill at the very mention of her name."

R. B.

Recent Publications

Nationalism, War and Society. By Edward Krehbiel, Ph.D. With an Introduction by Norman Angell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

THIS is a book which comes well within the utilitarian category. There is not one solidly written page of prose in the entire volume except the excellent introduction by Norman Angell, in which he makes an unforgettable distinction between the military and police power of a nation—the first, force used to further national ambition in a system of international anarchy and the second, force used to restrain those within an organized society who seek to disrupt its common purpose—and retorts with fine dignity and vigor to the cheap sneers at pacificists. The bulk of the volume is made up of paragraphs and sub-paragraphs

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with headings I. II. III., A. B. C., 1, 2, 3, etc.—exactly like the advance outlines of the long expositions we used to be compelled to make in Freshman English. There is no attempt at extensive argumentative writing. The claims of the defenders and justifiers of war and the claims of its opponents—one of them, the author of this book—are marshalled point by point objectively with the greatest conciseness and clarity. At the end of every other chapter is a detailed but not too elaborate bibliography, invaluable because so intelligently classified and stimulating, too, unlike those dreary erudite sands that encircle the small textual oasis of the conventional book of scholarship. Nearly all of value in contemporary opinion on the war, its causes and results, seems to have been caught in Dr. Krehbiel's net; the history of what has already been done in international organization and the inevitable economic drift of the world towards extra-territorial and supernational societies, set down coldly, makes an impressive showing. It recreates that old feeling of unreality about the war we all had during the first few weeks, the healthiest emotion we can have with respect to it—born of a conviction that the war is but a tragic interruption—and possibly the last great interruption—to the world's normal business. For the final impression from these collections of opinion, argument and fact is that the greater justice and rationality, the more reasonable view of human nature and human progress lie with those who believe in more international organization rather than less, with those who will not cease to fight and plan against war just because future wars are probable any more than doctors will cease to plan and fight against disease because death is inevitable. Dr. Krehbiel hates war, yet he set himself to the task of presenting its defenders', as well as his own, views. He has done his job well. It is so fair that the most imperialistic members of the Navy League could find in these pages the kernels for a dozen ponderous apologies. But they would have to close their minds and eyes to the other pages.

From the Human End, by L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

MR. JACKS uses philosophy in much the same way as the writer of Sunday-school stories uses fiction. He seems to be interested in the manifold aspect of life, but he is really interested in the few morals he wishes to inculcate. Many of his observations are keen, many of his assumptions sound. Often, when he is attacking the doctrine of the mystic virtue of the state, or the tyranny of certain kinds of social reform, one is tempted to trust him. But one is too often reminded that in the end he will use his conclusions only to disparage Germany, or to defend England's war policy, or to bolster up the attitude of English theology towards the social sciences. The Sunday-school method has won its victories. But we cannot help feeling that an advocate will in the end be more effective if he frankly acknowledges his allegiance, rather than maintaining an attitude of independence, and confessing a long series of identical conversions.

The Book of the Yale Pageant. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.00.

TWO hundred years ago Yale College was moved from Saybrook to New Haven. The story of that event, and of the uneven growth of a great university, will be told next week in the Yale Bowl. Twenty-two graduates have collaborated in the telling, and their scenarios,

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together with a group of general essays form this book. There is plenty of material in the history of Yale to make effective out-of-doors pageantry: the martyrdom of Nathan Hale, the British invasion of New Haven, and the visit of Washington to the city in 1789. Some of this material has been handled well enough to merit publication. Other parts of it will be successful in the Bowl by virtue of being inaudible. Such a one is the Second Interlude, by Francis Hartman Markoe—a confused jumble of fancy writing called "An Allegory of Peace and War." The text here provides for "malicious ganglia of mischief," "hierodules of war," and "Little Spirits of Starved Desire" that "drift hither and whither like efts in an uncomprehended stream." The actors of the interlude include the United Spanish War Veterans, the New Haven Woman's Club and the International Sunshine Society. It is difficult to conceive either poetry or drama in a Spanish War Veteran out on Yale's forty-yard line, drifting "hither and whither like an eft in an uncomprehended stream." The supplementary essays, on the departments of Yale and their contributions to American life, might have had real value. Unfortunately, most of them are the hackneyed commonplaces that appear in every university bulletin.

A Little Book in C Major, by H. L. Mencken. New York: John Lane Co. 50 cents.

IN this book of robustious epigrams Mr. Mencken is funny: "Love begins like a triolet and ends like a college yell." He is shrewd: "Firmness in decision is often merely a form of stupidity. It indicates an inability to think the same thing out twice." He is clever: "What alcohol is to men, tears are to women. In each there is sanctuary from the duel of sex." He is crude: "A wart outlasts ten thousand kisses." He is hackneyed: "Marriage: the end of hope." He is stupid: "The formula of George Bernard Shaw: to put the obvious in terms of the scandalous." He is conventional: "Remorse: regret that one waited so long to do it." And he is swine-like: "Women's tears are the most precious things in the world. They always cost some man or other at least $2 apiece." Rabelaisian wit is clearly Mr. Mencken's forte. He likes to make jokes about fat women and embalmers and prostitutes and syphilis. If you succeed in this kind of thing the joke is healthy and hilarious. It is, however, a little like juggling with a stink-pot. Mr. Mencken does this too unsuccessfully to be agreeable.

The Dark Tower, by Phyllis Bottome. New York: The Century Co. $1.35.

ONLY an author who sees life brightly and humorously could have written so vivid and entertaining a story as "The Dark Tower"—an excellent light-hearted sentimental novel, clouded in the last three or four chapters by the shadow of the war. In spite of a childhood on Long Island and an American father, Miss Bottome has passed most of her time in England and on the Continent. She is saturated with the English traditions of life and letters, and calls herself a cosmopolitan. Yet her book has the deft and expert technique, the conciseness of phrasing, the impromptu cleverness one would expect rather from an American short-story writer than from an English novelist. Most American of all is her high sense of fun, which when brought to bear on a quarrelsome but sturdy English family on the outer fringe of the aristocracy results in a genuinely amusing picture. Her hero is Major Staines, the soldier of the family, who wins fame in the colonies and India and returns to England, where impulsively and recklessly he marries a pretty and worthless woman. This animated puppet of gay plumage keeps him in England for two winters when he should have been in India at his work. As a result of the great change in climate he "crocks" a lung, as the imperturbable English phrase has it, and goes to Davos in Switzerland to be cured. Vivid is the description of the life of the hopeless consumptives there, of that faint haunting sound behind the padded green doors in the big, silent hotels, "like the barking of a dog shut up in a distant cellar." Yet there is gaiety as well as grimness in the picture. Loveliness, too, when Staines meets the girl who means to him the justification of life. Still he "plays the game," true to his traditions, with his wife. There is no real extrication except on the battlefield in the stark release of death. In a few words Miss Bottome conveys some of the splendor and heroism of those first days of the expeditionary force in France, clinging on desperately in shallow, hastily-dug trenches against the gray flood that poured over the fair fields from Lille to the Marne.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NEW REPUBLIC, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1916.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared ROBERT HALLOWELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE NEW REPUBLIC and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of:	*Post Office Address:*
Publisher, THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.,	421 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y.
Editor, HERBERT CROLY,	421 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, HERBERT CROLY,	421 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, ROBERT HALLOWELL,	421 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y.

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(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1916.

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(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

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